

The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

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The New York Appointments.

The practical contest between the administration at Washington and Senator Conkling over the appointments to the New York custom house ended, on last Tuesday, after an executive session of the Senate that lasted seven hours, in the complete triumph of the former over the haughty New York Senator. This result had been foreshadowed for some days previous, though in the final struggle the antagonism of Conkling to the persons named by Mr. Hayes to take the places heretofore filled by Arthur and Cornell was none the less, bitter and relentless. Gen. Merritt was named for the position of collector of customs, and Mr. S. W. Burt for that of Naval officer. On the confirmation of Merritt the vote was thirty-three in his favor to twenty-four against him, while Burt went through by a vote of thirty-one to nineteen. The discomfiture of Conkling must be very humiliating to him and will no doubt intensify his hostility to Hayes and Sherman. His speech in the executive session was an angry, perhaps an eloquent arraignment of the civil service policy of the administration, and may have shown up the hollowness and hypocrisy of its pretensions in their true light. In one thing, however, the speech was undoubtedly a failure. It fell short of convincing a majority of the Senators that those charged with the executive functions of the government, and therefore solely responsible for the official conduct of subordinates, should be compelled by the Senate to accept the services of agents not in sympathy with them, or in whom they have no confidence. It may have suited the whim or the ambition of Conkling that the men removed should be retained for his advantage and convenience, but surely that is no reason why they should be forced into official relations with others to whom they are peculiarly obnoxious.

The democrats of the Senate who voted for the confirmation of Merritt and Burt therefore did precisely the proper thing. It is the "stalwarts" of the Republican party, represented by such leaders as Conkling, Blaine, Edmunds and others that could be named, who are always growling at the executive branch of the government and ever ready to encroach upon its prerogatives on the false assumption that the Senate is part of the removing power. This new doctrine was discovered in the days of Andrew Johnston, and was wantonly enforced against that President by the power of a two-thirds majority that give birth to that unconstitutional enactment known as the civil office tenure act. The action of the Senate upon these New York appointments, in spite of the civil tenure act and in the face of Conkling's arrogant airs and threats, is to our mind a gratifying evidence of a return to the light of other days and to better methods of dealing with the nominations in the Senate for confirmation.

Just Governor Curtin, at Gettysburg, last Decoration Day, in his remarks indicated the prevalence of the idea assailed by the Press, when he expressed his regret that the monuments erected on both sides of the line had not been of wood, that they might soon decay and disappear.—Press.

If all journals copying the foregoing should credit it to the Press, it would be needless to make any correction, but lest some newspaper might inadvertently copy it without naming the source from which the statement emanated, it may be well to say that Governor Curtin expressed no such views at Gettysburg on last Decoration Day, or any other day or occasion. He complimented President Hayes, who was present, for the efforts for sectional peace and conciliation, and referred to the examples of the ancient Greeks, who built their monuments of victories over their own kindred in wood, that all evidences of fraternal war might perish, while their monuments of victories over foreign enemies were erected in brass to perpetuate the heroism of the nation, and he commended the lesson as a tribute of the policy openly advocated by the Republican President. Governor Curtin bore a noble part in the dedication of the Gettysburg resting place for the brave loyalists who sleep on their grandest battle-field, and he also bore a noble part in erecting the monument that stood before him an imposing tribute to the preservers of the Union when he spoke on last Decoration Day. He spoke then just as Lincoln had spoken when he uttered the immortal sentiment—"With malice toward none; with charity for all;" he spoke just as President Hayes spoke, North and South; he spoke just as a sincere patriot would speak to the whole American people, and he spoke just as all but placemen and plunderers are now ever glad to hear men speak.—Philadelphia Times.

General Sherman at Atlanta.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

History furnishes few more dramatic episodes than the one presented by the visit of General Sherman to Atlanta. Seventeen years ago he entered the city at the head of a conquering army. In the near distance the guns of Hood's army boomed sullenly. Flying before the advancing legions, a cloud of women and children hurried from their homes. Breaking now and then through the din of drum and trumpet came the sharp crack of a rifle, as some maddened at the surrender of the city, fired on the victors and then ended his protest with his life. Two months afterwards General Sherman left the city. Yesterday General Sherman returned to the scene of this destruction and disaster and looked upon the answer that our people had made to his torch. A proud city, prosperous almost beyond compare, throbbing with vigor and strength and rapturous with the thrill of growth and expansion, stands before him. A people brave enough to bury their hatreds in the ruins his hands have made, and wise enough to turn their passions toward reoccupation rather than revenge, give him decorous greeting.

General Sherman reached the city on the 12:54 train. A large crowd collected along the sidewalks to see the General of the army. The depot was comfortably filled, mostly with white people. A sort of light, good humor pervaded the crowd, spiced up with curiosity to see the man who had burned Atlanta. There was no perceptible indignation or feeling of prejudice. In most of the clumps of talkers there were jokes flying to and fro. One man proposed to Major Calhoun to go and offer the freedom of the city to General Sherman. "He made too good a free with it," said the objector, "when he was here before." As the train rolled into the depot General Ruger, General Augur, Colonel Black and two or three officers went to the back of the train. A rather pretty lady was standing on the rear platform. Almost immediately she was joined by a tall gentleman with deadish brown and gray whiskers and thin face. Said General Ruger, forgetting his military reserve, "There he is." The gentleman raised his hat with a quick and not ungraceful motion and said: "Why, how are you, Augur?" being evidently pleased to see the gentleman alluded to. He came down the steps rapidly, shook the hands of the officers cordially, and then saying, "General, want you take care of the girls?" started out of the depot with General Ruger. There was no excitement and no demonstration. The people were curious to see General Sherman, but made no rush at all. Upon reaching the Kimball House General Sherman registered, "W. T. Sherman, Mr. Touilliot, Miss Lizzie Sherman and Miss Ellie Sherman." General Van Vliet and Mrs. Van Vliet registered below these names. He expressed wonder at the general thrifty look of the city and went immediately to his room. The programme of the evening was a simple but pleasant one. After dinner a number of carriages called at the front of the hotel and General Sherman and his party were taken on a ride through the city. The officers and ladies of McPherson Barracks gave General Sherman and his company a complimentary ball at McPherson Barracks last night. Just to the right of the main entrance General Ruger, Mrs. Ruger, Col. Black and Mrs. Black stood and received the guests as they came in. Several arrived, among them some of the citizens from Atlanta. Soon General Sherman and his party arrived. As they entered the hall the band struck up a grand march, and it scarcely afterwards gave time for a general introduction. The first quadrille was called soon after General Sherman entered. The General asked Mrs. Ruger to dance with him, and General Van Vliet solicited Mrs. Colonel Black as a partner, and the quadrille commenced. Gen. Sherman took a hand in all the dances except the round dances. His second quadrille was with Mrs. Colonel Black. He seemed to enjoy the fun hugely.

Things that we Export.

"After the season for English pears was past," says a London correspondent of the Springfield Republican, "I asked my fruit man, with many mis-givings, if he had any good apples. Yes, he had five apples. Would I prefer Baldwin's, peach-flavored Newton pippins, russets or greenings?—all just arrived from America. And I found that what he said was true, and that I could have, in as good condition, with a very small increase in expense, as good apples on my table as if at home. About the same time my fishmonger astonished me by asking me if I would like some Blue Points. And these I found of as small size and fine, fresh flavor as if served at Delmonico's, and not as high in price. Even at the small grocer shops one sees canned fruits, vegetables and meats, all from America. Many such articles are recommended because American. I had white cotton cloth shown me the other day in a small shop on which was the stamp of a mill in Rhode Island."

"The price of butchers' meat in the metropolis, exorbitant as it is," says the London Globe, "has, no doubt, been kept down by American exports, and we have largely drawn upon the fertile farms of the New World for pork, cheese, and other items of agricultural produce. We are also indebted to the United States for some of the brands of preserved meats, as likewise for a variety of 'Yankee notions,' including clocks, watches, the famous sewing and washing machines, churns, lemon squeezers, &c. It seems, however, that America now proposes to compete with us in other branches of industry. Among her recent exports are boots and shoes and perfumery, jewelry, and piece goods. We have no right to complain of these invasions, but it certainly behooves us to endeavor to meet them by producing, if possible, better manufactured articles at equally moderate prices."

It is rumored that Dr. Le Moyné's cremation furnace at Washington, Pa., is to be converted into a pop-corn factory.

SENATOR HILL ON WAR CLAIMS.

An extract from his late speech on Warren Mitchell's cotton claims:

Mr. President, perhaps I ought not to take the time of the Senate, but I will give my ideas of the character of these war claims, loyal and disloyal, by an illustration from real incidents. I will give you first, the character of a claim that will not be paid, and it is a type of many millions. Early in the month of September, 1865, it became necessary for me, in the discharge of a professional engagement, to travel one hundred miles in the immediate track of Sherman's march through Georgia. One day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I became exceedingly hungry. I said to the youth who was driving the horse: "You must stop at the first favorable opportunity and let me get something to eat." I shall never forget the expression of the young man. "Ah!" says he, "mistake I don't reckon you will find anything you will consider fit to eat in this part of the country; Sherman has been along here." "Well," I said, "but the people in this part of the country live on something, do they not?" "Oh, yes, but I don't hardly know how it is they live; they seem to live though." "Well," I said, "I can live one day on what they live on constantly. I am pretty sure, and therefore we will stop at the most favorable chance apparent." It was not long before we came to a very good-looking frame dwelling, two stories high, a dwelling of a character very well known in the South, containing six rooms, well built, and indicating in former times a country family well to do in the world. The fencing was all gone. The chimneys were standing on the outside, showing that the outhouses had been burned, but there stood the main dwelling; and I said to the young man: "Stop here, and I will see if I can get something to eat;" and I went in. I was met at the door by a very excellent looking lady, modest, but evidently refined and educated, as she turned out to be—a country lady of great hospitality, but with an evidence of poverty all around her, and she looked prematurely old. She said to me when I made known my purpose of stopping, "Why, my dear sir, I would be glad to give you anything that I could, but I have nothing that you will have I suppose, nothing that I feel inclined to offer you." "Anything that you have," I said, "will suit me, because I am exceedingly hungry." She said, "I can prepare for you nothing, but some potatoes and some eggs, but I have nothing in which to cook the potatoes except the embers; we are in the habit of roasting them in the ashes. I have nothing in which to cook the eggs except the ashes or a broken skillet. I have not a whole piece of furniture or a whole kitchen implement on the premises; everything is broken." She handed me a seat. Said she: "I have handed you the best seat I have, and the back of that is broken as you see." "Why is all this?" "Why," she said, "Sherman's army passed along here and did all this." Well, I told her that I would take the potatoes and eggs, and she put them in the ashes accordingly, and while they were roasting I said to her: "Will you please give me an account of your experience and trials when Sherman's army passed along here?" She said she would. I cannot give it all to the Senate, but certainly it was one of the most interesting narratives I ever listened to in my life.

The lady was one who had married about eight years before the war began. She was well raised and graduated at a female college in Georgia. She and her husband settled that place and built that house; they had about one thousand acres of land, thirty slaves, and all needed personally, and were entirely out of debt, and perfectly happy. They had three children born to them, the oldest at the time of my visit being only twelve years old.

Mr. Beck. Mr. President, I desire to ask whether Warren Mitchell got any of that woman's eggs and potatoes or not. We are trying his case now, not hers.

Mr. Hill. I will come to Warren Mitchell's case. I will show how it applies to Warren Mitchell's case, but I shall do it in my own way.

It turned out that her husband went into the confederate army and lost his life in one of the battles in Virginia. His remains were brought home and buried in sight of where we were sitting. About a year after her husband was killed in Virginia in the confederate army, Sherman's army passed through Georgia, and all her slaves except one, her cook, called Aunt Millie, left. This Aunt Millie was raised with this lady, and had nursed her in her infancy and was given to her by her father; and she said she would never leave her under any circumstances, and she remained with her. But to make a long story short, everything they had was taken. All the stock, all the provisions were taken away. Everything that could not be carried away was killed or broken or burned, except one cow, two banks of potatoes, and one small crib of corn. The cow was saved by Aunt Millie claiming it as her own, which she did for the purpose of saving it. The corn-crib was saved in this way: The lady sat in her house with her three children and saw everything being burned; seeing the torch about to be applied to the last corn-crib she summoned courage and went out with her babe in her arms and her two little children by her side and said to the officer who seemed to have charge of the sport: "Sir, have you a family at home?" The officer said he had a wife and two children. "What would you think," said she, "if a southern army should pass through your country and take the last mouthful of bread your wife and children had?" The officer was a man. He lifted his hat most gallantly and then said to his squad, "Don't fire that crib," and said to the squad in the garden, "Don't disturb those potatoes," and that is the way the lady saved the crib of corn and banks of potatoes. In the meantime the squad had gone into the house, pulled down all the pictures, defaced the walls, broke all the furniture, broke everything she had in the shape of kitchen utensils, and carried off all her silver-ware and cutlery. The last she saw they were pulling the covering from the grave of her husband, and supposing they were going to take his body off she fainted away. But Aunt

Millie stopped them by telling them "for God's sake not to make war on the dead," and they left. This is a literal fact. That woman had raised a patch of one acre of potatoes and one small field of corn, working with her own hands and aided by this good woman Aunt Millie, and her three little children, and they had lived on that scant allowance from the time Sherman's army passed by until I met her.

Now, that woman will never come here to have her losses repaired; she will never come here with a claim before Congress and ask for compensation. And now I will give you another claim. A few weeks after I took my seat as a member of the other House in the Forty-fourth Congress I received a card one day by a messenger who said that a lady desired to see me in the Speaker's reception room. I went in. She was exceedingly well dressed. She had velvet and diamonds and lace all over her, and the first speech she made to me was to express the great gratification of all Georgians that I had been elected to Congress "for now," she said, "all Georgians will get their rights." She soon made known the *animus* of that speech, for in the next sentence she said she had a claim before Congress which she desired me to support, and she knew I would support it because she was a Georgia lady, born and raised in Georgia, and she knew I would support her claim. "Well, who are you?" If you were born and raised in Georgia and had losses in Georgia, why are you here in the condition I see you?" "Oh," she said, "when Sherman's army passed through Georgia they destroyed my property, but," she added, "I married one of the Federal officers [laughter] and came North."

Mr. Hoar. She took her revenge in that way. [Laughter.]

Mr. Hill. Yes sir. She married a Federal officer. The first woman I mentioned lost her husband in the confederate army, and therefore is disloyal. The second woman married an officer in the Union Army and therefore is loyal! Well, her statement was true because she produced a very complimentary and flattering letter from General Sherman. Evidently the letter was genuine and not dictated by a woman. But I will say in justice to General Sherman that I am satisfied he gave that letter more on account of the woman's husband, who was a Federal officer, than on account of her claim. I assume and believe he did.

But I asked this lady "what is your claim for?" "Why," she said, "for personal property destroyed by Sherman's army." "How much is your claim for?" Eight hundred thousand dollars," she said, whereupon I became bewildered. Eight hundred thousand dollars of personal property of one person destroyed by the war! Yes, she said, it was well proven, proven by the very officers and men who destroyed it, who set fire to it, and she named quite a number of republicans in the House who she said had promised to vote for her bill; but they told her it was very important for her to get a democrat, and best of all a southern democrat, to introduce it. Therefore she came to me as a democrat and a southern democrat from her own State—her dear Georgia—to introduce her bill. She said the republicans assured her that if she would get a little re-enforcement from the South and from the democratic party her bill would certainly become a law. I said to the lady, "It will be very difficult to make me believe that the whole country ever at one time had eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of personal property." But she said "It is all proven, it is all right, and the republicans are ready to vote for it." I do not say they were; I can only tell you what the woman said, and as she is loyal you ought to accept her as a good witness. [Laughter.]

Seeing that her entreaties could do no good, she finally said to me that I had to vote for her bill; that she had a great many friends among the newspaper men, and she sometimes wrote for the newspapers herself; and, looking at me with all the air of command and of one having authority, she said, "Mr. Hill, if you don't vote for my bill you will never go to the Senate." Thereupon, I made the lady a bow, gave her a flat refusal to have anything to do with her or her bill, and left.

Those are specimens of the character of what you call southern claims. This first claim will never come here; the second and cases like it will always be here; and I saw this same claim of \$800,000 for the woman who became loyal by marriage and for whom republicans were ready to vote—I saw the same claim paraded through the northern press in the campaign of 1876 as evidence that if the southern democrats ever did get here in power and the democratic party had the majority, they would take everything there was in the Treasury. Now, should I vote to tax that woman who fed me on the eggs and potatoes to pay this woman in velvet, lace, and diamonds? But this claim, says my friend from Kentucky, is not Mitchell's claim. What is Mitchell's claim, to come to the honest truth of it? I have not an unkind feeling for Mr. Mitchell; I admit he is a good man; but does not everybody in the Senate know that it is a speculative claim? Is it not a mere speculative claim? The woman I spoke of in Georgia lost her living, the living of herself and her little children, and she does not come here to ask you for a dollar. Here is a gentleman, a good gentleman, who went by permission of the military authorities into the South during the war and bought a large amount of cotton by which he hoped to realize a fortune, as you all know. He took the chances of war in his speculation, and the chances were against him. Shall we tax that woman who fed me on the eggs and potatoes and tax the little land that she and her children are working for the purpose of paying these speculative losses of Mr. Mitchell? Would it be right? Would it be just? I will not do it.

All over the South there are hundreds and thousands of people, limping, weak, poor, impoverished by the war, laboring as best they can for a bare sustenance, asking Congress for nothing, not looking to the Government for compensation for their losses, and here and there is some man who has lost something, who has lost some property, or failed to make what he hoped for in

some speculative venture, coming here and asking Congress to pay his losses, and that we shall tax these poor people to pay his losses. I shall for one not do it. I am against these bills, therefore, upon principle. I do not need any constitutional amendment to make me vote against them. There will be a great many hard cases, I concede. War is nothing but an ordeal of hard cases. You cannot repair all those hard cases. Mr. Mitchell has a hard case, but his case is not harder than thousands of others who lost like property or other property, and who are just as loyal as he was. You cannot repair these losses. Let it go forth, therefore, that we take the position distinctly and emphatically that this talk of paying southern war claims must end. Teach it to our people and teach it to all the people, and let all this political excitement on the subject end.

Mr. President, I am the humblest man in the democratic party. That party, after eighteen years of absence, I trust and believe, is about to return full fledged to power. I think it will have possession of every department of this Government. It certainly will have it if we convince the people, North and South, that we deserve to have it; for evidently the people are well satisfied that the republican party does not deserve to be continued in power, and the only question with the people is whether the democratic party does deserve to be entrusted with power. If I had control of the party, as I have not, and shall never have, if my voice were worth anything, there are four things I would have the democratic party to proclaim to the world in most convincing terms and adhere to with unflinching fidelity. I would have the party to say:

1. We will not pay war losses, loyal or disloyal, unless we make a few exceptions of religious, educational, and charitable institutions, and very few of these.
 2. We will vote no more of the public money and no more of the public credit, and more of the public lands to build up or enrich no mammoth monopolies in the shape of railroad corporations.
 3. We will in good faith pay every dollar of the public debt, principal and interest, in good money of the standard value.
 4. We will restore the Constitution to the country and honesty and economy to its administration, confining the General Government to its limited, delegated sovereign powers to promote the general welfare, and leaving the States unmolested in the exercise of their reserved sovereign powers to promote the local welfare of the people.
- Do these four things, and, in my judgment, the child is not born who will witness the termination of democratic administration in this country, and the tongue has not been gifted with language that can express the prosperity which will follow to all our people in every section of our country.

[From the New York Herald, Ind.]

Free government rests, at bottom, upon the belief that if a strike is to be struck back. It is impossible to place a corporal's guard at every man's door. It is absurd to cry out that one thousand seven hundred thousand white men are killing four thousand black men "like sheep." No man with a grain of manly spirit could have respect for the four thousand sheep who allowed themselves to be led to the slaughter by so small a minority. Let us have done with that kind of nonsense. We want every man, black or white, in this country to have his rights; but no class of men anywhere, North or South, will long retain their rights unless they can make their manhood respected by those who would attack them. When Mr. Breda tells the committee and the country that four thousand black men suffer themselves to be killed "like sheep" by much less than half their number of whites we prefer to believe that he libels the colored men.

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